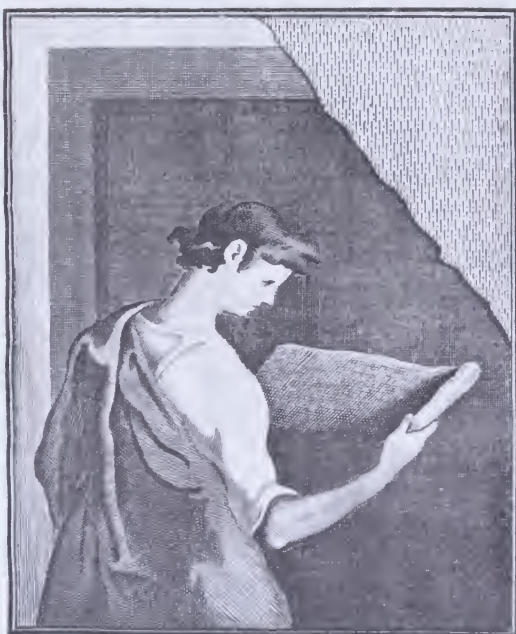


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MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
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JAN STEEN
THE TAVERN
THE HAGUE GALLERY



PORTRAIT OF JAN STEEN BY HIMSELF
 EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION, LONDON

Jan Steen painted this portrait when he was about forty years old. Dressed in a brown jacket with yellow sleeves, green slashed hose, a dark red cap, and long brown cloak lined with red, he sits before us with legs crossed, singing a rollicking song as he touches the strings of his mandolin. Behind him is a green curtain, and at his side a table on which are music-books and a silver tankard. The tones are broken and transparent; the execution broad and masterly. The panel measures less than two feet high by one foot and a half wide.

Jan Steen

BORN 1626: DIED 1679
DUTCH SCHOOL

THE lives of the great seventeenth-century painters of Holland are for the most part known to us only in outline. Even that of Rembrandt, the greatest of them all, is more or less shrouded in mystery, and therefore it is perhaps not surprising that of the life of Jan Steen (pronounced Yahn Stane), who in certain of his qualities as a painter is regarded as second only to Rembrandt, few authenticated details have been handed down. Recent research has revealed a number of facts, and discovered and established beyond question considerable data, thereby providing us with a framework which it is left to our imagination to fill out—to our imagination, or to those legendary tales concerning the painter for which Houbraken, the eighteenth-century biographer of Dutch artists, is largely responsible, but which rest on no firm foundation and are wholly without documentary proof.

It is safe to say that no man has been more maligned than Jan Steen. Regarded for many years as a drunken profligate, spending his life in the pursuit of pleasures of the lowest kind, taking no thought for the morrow and painting only when necessity in the shape of creditors compelled him to do so, Steen has long been accepted by one and all as the typical drunkard and ne'er-do-well so often depicted by his own clever brush, and it has been only in comparatively recent times that the justice of such wholesale denunciation has been seriously questioned by his biographers, who, while readily admitting that he was a genial and jovial soul, a good-natured, light-hearted fellow, fond of his pipe and by no means insensible to the charms of a glass of good wine, have failed to find any recorded proof of the laziness and intemperance with which he has been accused, and who claim that the vast number of authentic works, amounting to nearly five hundred, executed during his comparatively brief career, would alone belie the first charge, while the fact that many even of those painted towards the end of his life are not only minutely finished, but are executed with a sure touch, and a steady and unfaltering hand, utterly refutes the accusation of habitual drunkenness.

The little that is actually known of Jan Steen is soon told. He belonged to an old and highly respectable family of Leyden, Holland, where he was born in the year 1626—a date that has been established beyond dispute by the fact

that his name is inscribed as a student upon the records of the university of his native town with the date 1646 and a note to the effect that he was then twenty years of age. His father was a prosperous brewer, who, recognizing the talent for art which his son evinced very early in life, placed the young man in the studio of one Nicolaus Knupfer, a German painter then living in Utrecht, or it may be, as Dr. Bredius supposes, temporarily residing in Leyden. It is thought by some that Steen went to Haarlem after a brief period and there studied under Adriaen Brouwer; but as Brouwer moved to Antwerp in 1631-32, this could not have been the case. It is probable that his master in Haarlem was Adriaen van Ostade, whose influence is perceptible in his work. Dr. Bode's belief that he was at this time influenced by Frans Hals and his less famous brother, Dirk, is supported by the fact that certain similarities exist between some of Steen's pictures and the works of those painters.

This supposed early sojourn in Haarlem, however, could not have been of long duration, for we soon hear of Steen at The Hague, where he entered the studio of the painter Jan van Goyen, whose daughter Margaretha he married in October of the year 1649. The year before this he was apparently in Leyden, for he had then been inscribed in the painters' gild of that town; but during the next few years he seems to have resided for the most part at The Hague, and in 1654 to have leased for a period of six years, and in consideration of the sum of four hundred florins annually, a brewery in the neighboring town of Delft, known as "The Brewery of the Serpent," in which financial enterprise his father went security for him. Whether this brewery was exchanged for another, or whether he later leased a second, is uncertain, but in 1656 his name occurs in a legal document of the day as the owner of "The Brewery of the Currycomb" at Delft, and in the following year it stands recorded that Steen's father went to Delft for the purpose of paying the debts of his son, whose business venture there had evidently met with a disastrous end.

Poor Steen's affairs were assuredly in a bad way at this period of his career. His father-in-law, Jan van Goyen, had lately died, leaving behind him nothing but debts, and there is every probability that Steen suffered through the financial difficulties which had embarrassed his father-in-law, for he seems to have removed for a time to Leyden, where his own father could render him assistance.

The various gaps that occur from time to time in attempting to follow the steps of Jan Steen make it impossible to assert with positiveness the exact chronological order of the scenes of his labors; but in 1661, when he was thirty-five years old, we find him in Haarlem, where, with his wife and children, he probably resided for the next eight years. This was the period in which his best works were painted; but his pictures never commanded high prices, selling generally, indeed, for as small an amount as twenty florins apiece—rarely for so much as fifty—and therefore his circumstances continued straitened, as is proved by a record to the effect that in 1670 the unfortunate painter's pictures were seized and sold by an apothecary in payment of a debt of some ten florins contracted for medicine during the illness of Steen's wife the previous year. We also learn that the artist was forced to borrow money, the interest on which,

amounting to twenty-nine florins, or about twelve dollars, annually, he paid the first year in the form of three portraits "painted as well as he was able."

In 1669 his wife died, and was buried in Haarlem. That same year his father also died, and not long afterwards Steen returned with his children to Leyden to take possession of the property he had inherited, including a house, in which in the autumn of 1672 he asked and obtained permission of the magistrate of Leyden to open a tavern. "Realizing," writes one of his biographers, "that in such an undertaking a wife would be useful," he married, in the following spring, a widow, Maria van Egmont by name, who took charge of his household and his children, and by whom he had one son in addition.

The fact that the painter in his last years became the keeper of a public-house is sufficient foundation for the many tales told by Houbraken and by a somewhat later biographer, Weyerman, of the jolly painter and his numerous boon companions who were wont to assemble in the tavern to enjoy over their pipes and bowls the enlivening society of their genial host. A number of Steen's pictures depict the scenes of boisterous merriment, many of them none too nice, which took place in this very tavern, sometimes showing us the inmates feasting and reveling, sometimes introducing us into the intimacy of his family circle.

As long as he lived Jan Steen continued to paint, working industriously at his art to the end. The circumstances of his death are unknown to us; we only learn that it took place in the winter of 1679, when he was but fifty-three years old, and that on the third of February he was buried in the Church of St. Peter at Leyden, leaving to his widow and children the house in that town where the last ten years of his life had been spent.

The Art of Jan Steen

FREDERICK WEDMORE

'THE MASTERS OF GENRE-PAINTING'

THE Dutch artists of the great seventeenth century looked at life widely, but none of them, save Rembrandt, so widely as did Jan Steen. He was a moralist too great to be much occupied with his moral. Occupied with the record of the life into which he keenly entered, he observed and painted, painted and observed. Nothing was closed to him. Dusart kept himself to the tavern, and if Adriaen van Ostade left it, it was rarely for more exalted company. Metsu, on the other hand, was the artist of the parlor—the painter of the middle-class, the painter of the comfortable. Ter Borch was more especially the painter of the rich, the polite assistant at family ceremonies, the recorder even of historic scenes—diplomatists in solemn and wily conclave—the chronicler of august features, and of the jewels and sheen on the raiment of the noble. Large, very likely, was the society open to these men—large, but not so various. Jan Steen went everywhere. At home in the kitchen, at home at the feast, he followed the thoughts and ways of men in tavern and

parlor. He photographed debauchery. He knew the depths of the abandoned. He was so refined that the subtlest and most changeful expressions of the sweetest and most meditative face became possessions of his memory, and were placed with finest accuracy on his canvas. He knew the humors of little children.

And yet Jan Steen in his own lifetime was not much appreciated. A few things of his got into good collections—were slipped in there, indulgently, it may be, by some far-seeing man with a sly liking for them, but were never reckoned as of great account. Steen worked much, and worked for little—lacking highly placed advocates and the art of social success. Fifty years after his death there came what has proved to be but the beginning of the change. The value of his pictures, small enough to begin with, had already doubled. And now, as art of most kinds—in novels, in comedies, in the art of sculpture—turns to the search of expression pathetic or humorous in the present and the actual, there is sure to be an ever-readier sympathy with the art of the great Dutchmen who accepted their own time and portrayed it.

And who portrayed it better than Jan Steen? He recoiled from no coarseness, yet rose to the rendering of the sweetest. Unlike too many of his fellows, while seeing details keenly he saw the whole widely. The cunning of his hand never betrayed him into concentrating interest on the trivial accessory. He did not paint men for the sake of textures, but textures for the sake of men. He observed life, while others observed satin. And to his observation of life, Jan Steen, too sympathetic to be distant and unmoved, brought his own spirit of gentle and genial and tolerant philosophy. He has painted himself in the near background of some of his pictures, smoking his meditative pipe, while looking with a half-humorous sadness, a half-sad enjoyment, at the enacted scene of folly or pleasure. He is well within reach—may even rise—abandon pipe and meditation. That is exactly his own position in the life and world which for thirty years he portrays. He feels that the figures he has made to dance are no puppets of his handling, but his own flesh and blood. He is not aloof and elevated, but can cry his own *peccavi*! Some of the chroniclers of our follies and errors, of our transient pleasures and baffled ways, scorn us a little superfluously from the lonely heights to which they are somehow translated. But Steen was Molière rather than Swift, Balzac rather than George Eliot. To the last he suffered under no bitter persuasion of the worthlessness of the chase he depicted. . . .

The great artist is weakest in his grasp of divine things. Keener than so many of the Dutchmen, so much less gross, so far more sensitive to human beauty, the spirit of Jan Steen has this in common with that of the poorest of them—he is feeble, he is powerless, when he sets himself to the treatment of religious themes, unless he can so treat them as to ignore their religious significance. It is not that, like Rembrandt, he needs, in order to be very real, to inspire himself with the suffering and sorrow of the miserable in Amsterdam—it is not that then he can give a new fidelity to the representation of subjects otherwise outworn. It is that his art is of his world and century, and comedy always—comedy high, broad, or low, vulgar or gentle; but always comedy,

even when it rises to remonstrance or reproof, or brings tears as easily as laughter. . . .

Above all others of the Dutchmen, Jan Steen is the painter of the charm of youth and of the dignity of active age. There is his weak point, the limit of his interest—age must be active, or at least capable, if he is to portray it with sympathy. In his pictures, the grandfather, still alert, watches the play of the child; a hale old woman is busy with domestic work; an elderly doctor, upright and active, noble of gesture, clear and keen in thought, holds his patient's hand with a father's solicitude. These are figures of comedy still, and their place is a fine one in the work of Steen. But for the capacity that is beginning to wane, for the years that now in the steady coming of decrepitude draw more and more about them the tenderness of youth, for the age for which the hour of helplessness has struck, Jan Steen has nothing to say. He was for the sunlight of prosperity, in tavern or parlor.

Thus perhaps it is that his conception of children is altogether lighter and happier than that of his brethren. Most of the Dutch painters painted children, but had no place for child-life. Around them it hardly seems to have existed. One of them, and strange to say it was Steen's master, Adriaen van Ostade, drew infancy and childhood not only ill-shaped, button-nosed, short-necked, stumpy and square—for most of them did that—but weary of soul already; already sad and bitter of experience. The others—Pieter de Hooch amongst them—painted the children early broken into domestic ways; dutifully fulfilling their little share of the cares of the household; small replicas of their mother, gravely careful, as she would be, of the beer or milk jug they are trusted to carry. Generally in Dutch art they take life seriously. In Dutch art, elders and betters may be moved to mirth by song or fiddle—it is not the children that are merry. Jan Steen is an exception. The child in Jan Steen's pictures has found no task in life. He has nothing to say to the pursuits of his elders—the world of his own thoughts is leagues away.

With this happy carelessness Jan Steen has joined great physical charm. His are often the prettiest children that we have known since the Renaissance, and their arch liveliness might almost be of France, and of the eighteenth century. . . . Look, for instance, at the 'Festival of St. Nicholas' in Amsterdam. It is the children's fête, the day of the Dutch Santa Claus, when the child-faces, strained with expectancy—since these are the great moments, the crises of life, to the imagination of young children—become suddenly radiant with fulfilled delight. You have no purer, no more vivacious, no more manly painter of children's joy.

And the charm of adolescence and young womanhood! Painters of pretty faces generally weary us. They are wedded commonly to one order of prettiness, if they have made any type at all thoroughly their own. And their sweets cloy. Only the very greatest Italians, and, out of Italy, Watteau and Jan Steen, can keep us permanently interested in the young women of their art. In Italy—with Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto—the highest and most perfect types have been realized for ever; the charm of imperfection is Watteau's and Jan Steen's. They give you irregular and unforeseen beauties; vivacity and

alert intelligence—these without stint; fleeting graces of light and color. It is the art of Watteau and of Steen to express changefulness. In their faces they paint not only life, but moments of life, and so suggest to you, if you understand them at all, other moments that have gone before, and quite different ones that will come after. Not that Jan Steen is wholly regardless of permanent beauty of form. The better built of the Dutch figures, men and women alike, are to be found in his work: a head well poised, a figure lithe, svelte, and erect; they are not uncommon with him. And what perfection of form Steen does draw, he draws—be sure—with the daintiest draftsmanship. No touch is lighter, more vivacious, more assured.

In the comedy of Jan Steen, as in the comedy of life, there is room generally for the curious spectator. He gives the condiment to the dish of satire—is the vehicle for the artist's caustic wit, and expresses his moral. Perhaps, as in one 'Doctor's Visit,' it is a servant who passes slowly in the background, her attention not quite absorbed by menial duties, her lips lifted in a satirical smile. Perhaps, as in a scene of orgie, it is the paid musicians, who, their work done, pass out behind with grimaces of intelligent tolerance. Alas! their betters are no better than themselves. Or it is a scene—the lowest perhaps that Jan Steen's adventurous and exploring steps ever led him to—a scene of 'Bad Company,' in which a simple youth, a little drunk and heavy, is entrapped by harlots, one of whom robs him of his watch while he, with open mouth, sleeps upon her knee. A hideous hag, in league with the marauder, receives the stolen goods. Broken bits from a feast lie on the board. A fiddler fiddles still merrily from behind, and one sad face of a philosophic smoker, prudently removed from the action of the piece, points its Hogarthian moral.

It is not all scenes—happily!—that need such spectators; two masterpieces at The Hague are quite without them. In one of them there is Steen himself, surrounded by his family, and taking his part in the pleasures of the home. It is painted in large style, and in the middle, Jan Steen, at a not empty board, sits, a sharp, witty, happy observer, his face screwed up with merry appreciation of the innocent gambols around. In the other, a scene in an inn, which has nevertheless and justifiably sometimes been called 'A Picture of Human Life,' many persons, and of all ages and various ranks, are assembled in a large guest-room. From the old man who takes such pleasure in the child, to the child who takes pleasure in the favorite bird, all are there. Family love is represented—naturally, incidentally, in no didactic strain; work is represented; idleness; the isolation of the self-absorbed; the old man, whose own best life is now in the fresher life of his kindred; the dullard, whose adoration is the beer-pot and who is now completely and contentedly occupied with that alone. Grace and bustle of arrangement, fertility in happy invention, cannot go any further. Here, too, as in the serving-girl who kneels at the hearth pouring lemon-juice on oysters for the feast, is Steen's vivacious and firm beauty of contour; here, in a brown damsel, happy, with brilliant eyes, who listens but lazily to the protestations of her gallant, is not the worst of his so varied types of womanhood.

Now and then Steen's technical methods approach to Metsu. When this does

chance, that Steen passes on to Metsu's ground, he is perfectly at home there. Somehow an unsuspected liveliness has lurked in the sober and fine parlor; an unwonted subtlety, and a rare and intimate truth, as of moments that really pass and stories that really happen, gather into faces charged by the keener artist with more than Metsu's life.

CARL LEMCKE

'JAN STEEN'

JAN STEEN was Holland's realistic poet-painter of boisterous comedy and satirical farce. With a sort of demoniac power he embraces the whole field of the humorous of his day—from the coarse, the grotesque, and the impure, through all manner of fun and frolic, of joy and sorrow, orderly and disorderly, to wild Bacchanalian orgies and the most cutting satire. He should not, of course, be measured by the standards which prevail to-day. The age in which he lived and the people whom he painted were the reverse of prudish. If we would find excuse for some of his coarsest pictures, we have but to read the poems, the comedies, the satires, or even the marriage odes of the poets of good standing of that day.

To look upon Jan Steen as only a dissolute drunken genius, who, ruining himself through intemperance and debauchery, painted tavern scenes of the lowest kind, is as unjust as it would be to judge Aristophanes solely by the vulgar passages which occur in his dramas. Fortunately, when we have succeeded in penetrating beneath the legendary fumes of tobacco and of liquor which envelop the painter, we shall find in his character-studies evidence of a higher aim, and therein a refutation of the misstatements and exaggerations of Houbraken and his followers.

Jan Steen was a born painter—a genius. At the first glance he saw his whole picture, living and distinct in depth—in a word, he composed in space. All that he painted he had himself seen and experienced. He sparkles with wit and humor, life and gaiety, and therefore his figures are one and all represented in action. A skilful draftsman and endowed with a vivid imagination, he was not, as were so many of his fellow-artists, bound down to formal model or lay-figure; indeed, anything that was forced or compulsory was in opposition to his nature. He was a gifted colorist, proving himself by his treatment of light and shade a true member of the great school to which he belonged; and yet chiaroscuro was not his specialty; in that he must yield the palm to others. Above all, Jan Steen is an original genius, an inventor, and in the portrayal of human emotions and passions he takes rank among the greatest masters. His brush has depicted every conceivable expression, from the debased and vulgar, the distorted and demoniacal, to the childlike, the innocent, and the noble. However he may delight in representing what is wild, grotesque, and coarse, he can be very delicate and refined. His little maiden with the lamb in the 'Menagerie' is a little Virgin Mary—the image of innocence. His sick girl with the inscrutable smile in 'The Doctor's Visit' in Amsterdam is charming. But he never paints what is sad or embittered. He is no melancholy satirist troubled by depression of spirits; in his life and

in his works we find him genial and light-hearted. He may lay bare before our eyes degradation and vice, but he himself laughs or scoffs at the spectacle.

The taste of the day in Holland called for a delicate and highly finished style of painting, for that beauty of coloring, that poetic charm and *naïveté* which can best be studied in the works of Adriaen van Ostade, Gerard Dou, and Metsu. But this was not the style of the humorist and satirist, Jan Steen, who fairly bubbled over with life and spirits. He was like Rembrandt in feeling that his picture was practically finished as soon as he had given expression to his thoughts; but his wit and his keenness could not be expressed in mere form and color, after the manner of the painters of mood and sentiment.

In his own day, however, no great value was set upon his pictures, no matter how rich in thought and deep in meaning they might be. Could it be expected that what the artist dashed off so easily and gave away so freely should be very highly esteemed? And Jan Steen himself did not especially prize his own productions, but, like so many a creative genius, threw them carelessly away like pearls before swine, whereas numbers of far less talented painters rated their own laboriously composed pictures so highly that others were inspired with the utmost respect for them. And so it transpired that the opinion of the public concerning Jan Steen, and the valuation placed upon his works, came to be established—an opinion which was not changed by any personal dignity on the part of the painter.

There was a period in Steen's life when he devoted his whole attention to his art—a period in which he painted really great and fine pictures, when he passed from buffoonery into the field of comedy, and gave proof that his aim and his ideal were of a higher nature. His power as a colorist was also shown, and he created works which in their delicacy could well bear comparison with those of Metsu, of Dou, Van Ostade, Van Mieris, and Pieter de Hooch—works, too, of Rembrandtesque force, and so rich in color that they might be hung alongside of those of the Venetian painters. But no Mæcenæ gave him commissions for his pictures, nor even when he exerted all his powers did any one pay him a ducat per hour. In order to enter the lists against the great colorists, his fellow-artists who were receiving high prices for their works, he would have been obliged to paint in a style wholly foreign to his nature. Bold, exaggerated, farcical scenes—those were the kind that he could, for moderate prices, sell most readily; and by painting such he was able to earn more than in any other way, for works of that description he could produce easily and with extraordinary rapidity.

Whatever was clownish, coarse, and vulgar was held to be characteristic of Jan Steen. It seemed as if he could not be extravagant enough to satisfy the public! And when he deviated from this style, and showed that he was really in advance of his day, he was not understood. According to the stories told of him, every tavern-keeper was ready to fill up can or keg for the painter in return for one of his pictures. And so one thing and another strengthened the opinion which had been formed of him. . . .

As a painter Jan Steen is distinctly modern. His subjects are no cold allegories, but living scenes from the drama of humanity. In the thoughtful qual-

ity of his art he is so far ahead of his times that any one who is familiar with only his grotesque or comic scenes would suppose that many of his pictures did not belong to the seventeenth century, but could readily believe them to be the works of some gifted contemporary of Hogarth's, or of an enigmatic but keen observer of character of the present century.

In his execution he is very unequal. Sometimes his pictures are exceedingly careless, again they are so minutely finished that they recall the Dutch painters already spoken of. Some of his works are Flemish in their bright coloring, like Teniers'; others are deep in tone, like Rembrandt's; now we are reminded of Adriaen van Ostade, now of Van Mieris or of Pieter de Hooch; while many of his pictures are strikingly in Metsu's style.

Sometimes his coloring is brilliant, again it is strong, deep, and juicy. At times it is reddish-brown and dull, and at times dry and thin. In composition and in drawing he is invariably skilful and free, be his subject farce, satire, or some scene of merrymaking. Interiors and outdoor scenes are portrayed with equal ease, and the light peculiar to one time of day suits his brush quite as well as does another. . . .

Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that Jan Steen might have been one of the greatest masters of painting if only he had been born in Italy instead of in Holland, had been brought up in Rome instead of Leyden, and had his teachers been Michelangelo and Raphael instead of Brouwer and Van Goyen. But after all, who can judge a genius? Leaving Italy, Rome, Michelangelo, and Raphael out of the question, who can say whether Jan Steen would not have developed differently had he lived in his own country at a period of her prosperity, instead of her decline? He was, in a word, a phenomenon—a typical, an immortal figure, the painter of rollicking buffoonery, of the comedy of human life as it existed in the second half of the seventeenth century in Holland.—ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN

SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG

'PORTFOLIO' 1904

IF we judge him solely by his finest works, we should have to put Jan Steen at the very head of the Dutch school—always excepting Rembrandt. In his best pictures we find a combination of qualities that no other master can approach. His dramatic gifts, his sense of movement, character, and even of beauty, are unrivaled. He is a good colorist, a fine draftsman, a magnificent handler, and he could design a picture. Unhappily, it is only at rare moments that he puts all these gifts into action. He has left a large number of pictures, but only a small percentage, one in ten perhaps, shows him at his best, or anywhere near it. The great majority are hasty, almost perfunctory productions in which some unhappy dislocation goes far to destroy our pleasure. Ter Borch is apt to set his characters in a room too small to hold them. Steen does the reverse, and surrounds his manikins with spaces in which they are lost. His pictures have consequently no focus. There is no point of distance at which they can be taken in and enjoyed as a whole. Of these, the famous 'Tavern,' or 'Picture of Human Life,' at The Hague, is a striking example. There the action takes place in a room as large as a railway-station. The little

figures are spotted over the floor until the conviction is brought home to us that the painter's state of mind as he worked was that of Sterne when he wrote 'Tristram Shandy.' Unity—the unity of pictorial art—was forgotten, or only provided for by the ominous purple curtain which broods over the front of the scene, ready to slip down and blot out the humanity behind. You may say that here want of unity was inherent in his subject; if so, it was a bad subject for a picture. But I fear that Jan Steen did not care for unity; that he did not understand its charm as Rembrandt, and Metsu, and Vermeer understood it.

Steen is one of those painters who provoke comparisons. He has been compared to Hogarth, to Molière, to Morland, to Raphael, and all the comparisons seem just. If we may venture on such a deduction from pictures, he was probably the most gifted, mentally, of all the Dutch painters. In his conceptions we find evidences of all sorts of sympathies and understandings. He laughs with and at human nature, sitting often on the heights himself and looking sardonically down. He is often as coarse as Rabelais, but can be as delicate and subtle as Mr. Henry James. His execution is masterly, his touch brilliant or broad as action requires, his sense of movement complete and profound. If nature had endowed him with concentration and more ambition he would have contested the crown of Dutch painting with Rembrandt himself.

ADOLF PHILIPPI

'DIE BLÜTE DER MALEREI IN HOLLAND'

THE most interesting of all the Dutch genre-painters who hail from Leyden is Jan Steen. He gave to the painting of genre an entirely new significance; his field was broader than was that of any of the others, who are open to the accusation of sameness. Not even Metsu, whose pictures show but little action, is an exception to this rule. Jan Steen, on the contrary, is always fresh and varied; his work can be studied from beginning to end without any sense of weariness.

In his conception, and, when he is careful, in his execution also, Steen bears comparison with the best. He was a man of imagination and genius, an observer and an originator. Expression was with him the main thing; that is what is always emphasized in his work. His compositions are free and full of life, excellent in perspective, though frequently also very carelessly painted, and his coloring is at times strong and beautiful. In his art he is indebted most of all to the school of Haarlem, but he surpassed the painters of that place in originality. He had the same interest as his fellow-citizen, Rembrandt, in characterization, and, in addition, possessed a sense of humor and a keen appreciation of the weakness of humanity. But his ridicule is never spiteful nor malicious, and if he had attained to the lofty style of a satirist, which many would fain accord to him, he would assuredly be far less entertaining as an artist.

A good-natured, easy-going fellow was Steen, to whom laughter was a necessity, as it was to Frans Hals. We can see this in his face, for he has repeatedly represented himself in his pictures, in which he is so often surrounded by his family that we can even follow his children through the different stages of

their development. He was evidently fond of children, and in many instances has painted them with great tenderness and charm. This personal relation to his art lends to Steen's most highly finished pictures a very natural warmth of feeling. Those of his works, however, that are less highly finished, more sketchily painted, are more genuinely charming, for the very reason that he was shackled by strict adherence to the model.

In recent years Jan Steen has often been compared with Molière, because, rising above all mere buffoonery, he has depicted the drama of human life, typical not only of his countrymen but of the world at large. His contemporaries, however, entertained no such opinion concerning him, and of all the Dutch genre-painters he was least highly valued. It was only in England, where Hogarth had prepared the way for an appreciation of such a style, that Steen's artistic excellences were recognized; and in the eighteenth century, after Sir Joshua Reynolds's high estimation of his work, his pictures met with such an extensive sale in that country that fully a fifth of his work is now to be found there.—ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN

W. BÜRGER

'MUSÉES DE LA HOLLANDE'

IN the seventeenth century Holland felt no interest in mystic or epic art, and accordingly most of her painters turned their attention to the representation of familiar life. Among them, the one who next to Rembrandt has most vividly portrayed humanity is Jan Steen. It might even be said that in no other school and by no other artist are characters more intimately and more expressively set forth, nor the scenes in which those characters play their parts more graphically told. . . .

The Dutch highly prize Steen, justly regarding him as one of the most original painters of their school. They recognize in his pictures certain of their national characteristics. But the field of Jan Steen's art is not confined to the peculiarities of any one people; it touches the very heart and core of the whole human race.

In common with Molière and with Balzac, he repeatedly introduces into his human comedies the same personages, always assigning to them similar rôles though in different plays; he has, in short, a complete and well-trained troupe dedicated to Bacchus or to Venus. There are young good-for-nothings and old fools, duennas and soubrettes, fat old gossips and wayward girls, famous toppers and dandified rakes. He himself is almost always of the company, clinking glasses and filling bumpers with the rest; sometimes playing the fiddle for them to dance; sometimes seated in a dusky corner smoking his pipe while he studies the scene with the air of a philosopher.

There is no work of Steen's which does not hold up to ridicule the habits and the passions of humanity. His subjects may be divided into several different classes—chapters, as it were, of the same jovial farce. In the first place there are those family scenes where one and all are making merry, from the grandfather to the baby in arms. These include Twelfth-night fêtes, fêtes of St. Nicholas, fêtes of God, and fêtes of the devil, in which the table, loaded

with hams and with beer-jugs, is always set in the midst. A little child in short frock and padded cap plays on the knee of the old grandfather; a plump young mother nurses her baby; a father is teaching one of his boys the art of smoking; but no matter what they are doing, each one invariably holds in his hand a glass of wine or beer. . . .

Then there are orgies—chapters dedicated to Bacchus—interiors of taverns where men are drinking and carousing. Or we are shown merrymakings in the open air, where people are dancing, playing at bowls or ninepins, rolling on the grass, or romping beneath arbors—fun and frolic without restraint. One finds such jollity only in Rabelais.

There are also scenes in which doctors, charlatans, and alchemists figure. It is indeed in the portrayal of doctors of love-sick girls—chapters dedicated to Venus—that Jan Steen's triumph lies. In these scenes it is not so much the physician whom he ridicules as it is the patient. This patient is invariably some pretty girl who seldom has the look of an invalid and only by rare chance is represented as even pale. Sometimes the doctor is very grave, and seems to be racking his brain in all good faith to alleviate such misery—happily, however, transient. The spectator readily guesses the cause of the malady, helped thereto by a crumpled love-letter before the mirror, or by a little medallion portrait which the girl has not had time to wholly hide beneath her pillow. Is not this like one of Molière's comedies? . . .

But Jan Steen occasionally painted more serious subjects, biblical and even heroic. Has he not more than once represented 'The Marriage at Cana'? Such a subject gave him an excellent excuse to worthily extol the miracle of the changing of water into wine! It is indeed the only miracle which in all the Scriptures seems to have appealed to Jan Steen, and in no one of his scenes of revelry do the personages become more genuinely drunk than in his versions of 'The Marriage at Cana.' . . .

Not only in his characters, but in the setting and environment of his personages, does Jan Steen possess a quality in common with Molière—namely, an exceeding lucidity. So expressive is he, so simple, that every one can understand him—ordinary people and children quite as well as the cultivated and erudite. Unlike the mystic painters, he has no need to place streamers bearing inscriptions above the heads of his heroes; all the world knows what they are saying and what they are thinking, being shown with such marvelous skill what they are doing. Nevertheless, Steen has a way of fastening to the walls of his ale-houses explanatory and edifying mottoes, such for instance as "When the old are amusing themselves, the young may do likewise," for it should be noted that these satirical compositions of his, so far from extolling the human weaknesses he loved to depict, always have at bottom a moral significance, and it is invariably indicated in some way or other that intemperance, laziness, licentiousness, debauchery, meet with due punishment.

As to the technical part of painting, no one understood it better than Jan Steen. Sir Joshua Reynolds, strange to say, found analogies between him and Raphael! "Jan Steen," says the English artist, "has a strong, manly style of painting which might become even the design of Raphael, and he has shown

the greatest skill in composition and management of light and shadow, as well as great truth in the expression and character of his figures."

After quoting this I shall venture to say in my turn that there are some of Steen's figures of doctors which remind one of Titian or Velasquez at his best. Although only a foot high, they are as well constructed as if they were the size of life. It is true that Jan Steen is not always so strong. Invariably clever, his drawing is sometimes a little puffy, after the manner of Jordaens; and indeed he is the Jordaens of the Dutch school. In his best works, however, he is as correct in drawing as Ter Borch, and even firmer; as delicate in coloring as Metsu, but with a broader touch; as vigorous as Pieter de Hooch, but more full of movement; while some of his pictures might be mistaken for the best Adriaen van Ostades. In his many different styles he manifests almost all the qualities of the different painters of his school. But not one among them is so expressive. His power of mimicry is incomparable; in this respect no painter, no matter to what school he may belong, has ever surpassed Jan Steen.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Jan Steen

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE FESTIVAL OF ST. NICHOLAS'

PLATE I

ONE of Jan Steen's most popular works is this picture in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, representing the celebration of St. Nicholas's Day, the sixth of December, which is observed in Holland in the way that Christmas Day is with us. On the night before, the children hang up their shoes and stockings and are rewarded by St. Nicholas according to their deserts—toys and candy being bestowed upon the good children, while for the unruly rods are the reward.

The personages here introduced are supposed to be the painter's family. His father and mother are in the background, while his wife extends her arms to the little girl in the center of the scene, made as happy by the gifts of the good saint as her big brother behind her is chagrined by the rod found in his shoe and presented to him by his older sister, greatly to the glee of a younger boy.

The coloring is harmonious, and the values marvelously delicate and true. The general tone of the picture is a mellow golden-brown. The wall and the window-frames are a subdued brown; the square marble tiles of the floor are golden and brown; the dress of the crying boy is brown, as is that of the old grandmother. The draperies in the background are of a dull reddish hue. The woman in the foreground, seated in a chair of deep red, wears a bluish-gray skirt, white cap and apron, and jacket of rich green, the tone of which is repeated in the costume of the old man. The little girl in the center is dressed

in brownish-yellow, with golden and pearly tints. Nowhere are Jan Steen's skill as a technician and his incomparable power in rendering expression more admirably shown than in this well-known picture.

The painting is on canvas and measures nearly three feet high by two feet three inches wide.

'THE PARROT'S CAGE'

PLATE II

THE scene here portrayed is the interior of an inn, where three men, absorbed in a game of backgammon, are seen on the right, and an old woman on the left is engaged in cooking oysters, while a little boy seated on the floor at her side is feeding a cat. In the center of the picture stands a young girl, who pauses as she passes through the room to feed the pet parrot hanging from the ceiling in his metal cage. The girl's figure as she stands with her back to us, one arm upraised towards the bright-plumaged bird, is so strong and firm in modeling, so graceful in pose, that, as Dr. Bredius has said, it alone would be sufficient proof that Jan Steen, in spite of his seeming partiality for the coarse and the grotesque, had nevertheless a true feeling for beauty. In execution the picture is solid and vigorous, the tones delicately harmonious. Subdued and neutral colors prevail in the background, and the eye is attracted by the deep blue of the chair in the foreground and by the blue-green changeable silk of the girl's skirt, her pale pinkish-heliotrope jacket, bare neck and arms, and the light golden-brown of her hair.

The picture is one of the gems of the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam. It is on canvas and measures about a foot and a half high by one foot three inches wide.

'TWELFTH-NIGHT'

PLATE III

THIS picture, called in German, 'Das Bohnenfest' ('The Bean Festival'), is in the Gallery at Cassel, Germany. It represents a Twelfth-night celebration, when, in accordance with a time-honored custom, the office of "Bean King," or master of ceremonies, was filled by him to whose lot had fallen that portion of the Twelfth-night cake containing the bean purposely baked within it. In the hilarious scene here portrayed the "Bean King," a little boy standing on a bench, a make-believe crown upon his head, drinks from a wine-glass held to his lips by an old woman, while another boy with an upturned basket on his head playfully supports the young king's "train." Grotesque musicians make discordant sounds upon instruments improvised for the occasion. One beats with a spoon upon a gridiron; another, supposed to be Jan Steen himself, dances to the noise made by striking a metal pot with a stick. Others of the jovial company are seated at table, most conspicuous among them a woman in the foreground, who, wine-glass in one hand and jug in the other, has thrown herself back in her chair in an attitude of utter abandon as she looks with an expression of amusement at the little hero of the fête.

The picture is full of life and spirit of a boisterous and somewhat coarse nature, and is one of the most famous of the artist's representations of this popular festival. It is painted carefully and yet with great breadth and free-

dom, and with such freshness of color and such an admirable balance in the arrangement that it is entitled to a high place among Steen's productions.

The canvas measures nearly two feet eight inches high by about three and a half feet wide.

'THE DOCTOR'S VISIT'

PLATE IV

THE most celebrated of all Jan Steen's pictures of doctor's visits to young women suffering, we are led to suppose, from an affection of the heart incurable by physic, is this little picture in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam. In technical qualities—color, composition, drawing—masterly as they are here shown to be, others of his works may equal it, but in no other is expression so subtly, so marvelously rendered. "And to that one thing," writes Dr. Bredius, "the artist has here made all else subordinate, thereby differing essentially from the other 'Little Masters' of Holland, who, as a rule, sacrifice expression to execution." What, indeed, could surpass in skill the enigmatical smile upon the face of the young girl, who, flushed with fever, rests her head upon a pillow placed on a table at her side? The doctor, clad from head to foot in black, and with a brown cloak draped over his shoulder, stands near, holding her wrist as he gravely counts her pulse. The red of the chair in which she is seated, her skirt of yellow silk, and pearly gray jacket trimmed with white fur, her white cap and pillow, are all thrown into relief by the neutral tones of the background, by the dull green bed-curtains and the somber figure of the doctor—a figure, says Arsène Alexandre, that notwithstanding its small scale is "as forceful in drawing as one of Velasquez's portraits of Philip IV."

The picture is a masterpiece which alone would entitle Jan Steen to a foremost rank among the great painters of the Dutch School. The canvas measures rather less than two and a half feet high by two feet wide.

'BAD COMPANY'

PLATE V

"THIS picture," writes John C. Van Dyke, "stands for the individual genius of Jan Steen. It shows him at his best, and among all the Dutch pictures in the long gallery of the Louvre, I venture to think it is surpassed by none in those qualities that belong to the pure art of painting. The subject is quite in Steen's vein. It represents the interior of a bagnio, with a young gallant in drunken sleep leaning half forward from his chair against a young woman who leers with a glass of wine in her hand, while a second woman is rifling the pockets and passing a watch and clothing to an old hag behind a table. . . .

"The theme is certainly not elevating; but one forgets it directly he looks at the manner in which it is portrayed. The character of the drawing is masterful, and that is not always the case in Steen's pictures. He was frequently slipshod and careless in hands and arms, which led Fromentin to observe that he sometimes painted after drinking as well as before. But here he is very sure, very marked in the meaning of his lines, very emphatic in giving

bulk and solidity. The limpness of the young man, the half-intoxicated sway of the young woman, the arm of the woman at the left, the clothing, chairs, floor, cabinet, background, are all superbly characterized. And Steen was just as clever in composition as Ostade, and more varied. He knit and wove objects together in a wonderful woof of tones and colors, until they were all of a piece, united, harmonious. This he has done in the 'Bad Company' picture. And what splendid color! The richness of the blues, yellows, and reds is relieved against a deeper, golden-brown background—the tones all simple, transparent, mellow, admirable in their relationship. Add to this a painting as 'fat' as Ostade's, and as facile and sure almost as that of Hals, and we have the make-up of as fine a piece of painting as Dutch art has ever shown."

The picture measures one foot and a half high by one foot two inches wide.

'A MENAGERIE'

PLATE VI

IN its delicate charm and refined beauty Jan Steen never surpassed this picture so widely different from the scenes of boisterous revelry and degraded life commonly associated with his name. It was painted in 1660, at the beginning of that period to which his best works are assigned, and is now in the Gallery of The Hague.

In an outer court belonging to a large mansion seen through an arched doorway in the back of the picture, a little girl is seated feeding her pet lamb with milk. A tiny dog lies near, ducks swim in the clear waters of a stream in the foreground, a pigeon stands upon the water's edge, a gaily colored cock struts along, doves fly overhead, and a peacock is perched upon a tree to the right. An old man-servant in black, bearing a green jug and a basket of eggs, smilingly addresses his young mistress, while another, a grotesque figure clad in a long shabby gray coat, stands farther back, smiling also at the little girl, unmindful for the moment of the flock of fowls behind him, all eager for the food he bears. A warm light suffuses the picture, touching the bright and variegated plumage of the birds and illumining the figure of the child in her pale yellow dress and white apron and kerchief.

The canvas measures about three and a half feet high by two feet eight inches wide.

'THE GALLANT OFFERING'

PLATE VII

THE Brussels Museum contains this amusing picture by Jan Steen representing a room in which a group of people, gathered about a table spread for a meal, are surprised by the entrance of a young man, who, dressed in gray and wearing a red cap, dances gaily through a doorway on the right, bearing in one hand two onions, and in the other, triumphantly held aloft, a fine herring, the season's first specimen of that favorite fish of Holland, and therefore especially to be prized. This choice gift he gallantly presents to the woman seated in the center of the picture, who, dressed in a skirt of deep yellow, with a red jacket and a white cap, turns her laughing face towards the new-comer.

Opposite her sits her husband, too intent on his occupation of cracking nuts to look up, or to heed the barking of the little dog excited by the unexpected arrival. Farther back, a buxom servant, coffee-pot in hand, is enjoying the merry scene, while behind her a man in a cloak and hat makes a jeering grimace at the unobservant husband. Another man is discernible in the shadow, beside an open lattice window.

The picture is admirably composed, and in its spirit and humor is a work thoroughly characteristic of Jan Steen. It is painted on canvas and measures about two and a half feet high by two feet wide.

‘JAN STEEN’S FAMILY’

PLATE VIII

THE painter’s family is here assembled, with Jan Steen himself in the midst, easily recognizable by his laughing face as he sits, pipe in mouth, behind a table on which are placed a large bottle, a glass, a bunch of grapes, and other fruit. At his left is his wife, in a blue velvet jacket bordered with white fur, a blue skirt and white cap, engaged in filling a pipe. On his other side is another woman, supposed to be his wife’s sister. All three of these personages are evidently amused by a boy, the painter’s son, who, clad in gray, stands at the right playing a flute with an imperturbably serious air. On the opposite side of the picture, near the chimney-place, is Steen’s father, spectacles on nose, lustily singing from a music-book in his hand, while prominent in the foreground is his mother, wearing a red skirt and holding a little child dressed in a yellow frock with light green sleeves, a blue apron, and padded cap, who merrily dances on her grandmother’s knees as she shakes a rattle. In the background on the right a little girl is seen teasing a cat; a musician playing on a bagpipe is behind Jan Steen, and in the corner, by a window of stained glass, stands a young man to whom a girl offers a glass of wine. Fastened to the chimney-piece is a paper bearing in Dutch a motto to the effect that when the old folks make merry the young folks do likewise.

The work is painted in Steen’s best manner. Rich in color, broad and free in handling, it shows none of the haste and carelessness too often noticeable in his productions. The canvas measures nearly three feet high by a little more than three feet wide. It is in the Gallery of The Hague.

‘THE SICK LADY’

PLATE IX

THIS picture, “one of the delicate, solidly painted works of the master,” says Dr. Waagen, “in which he approaches Metsu,” is in the Duke of Wellington’s Collection at Apsley House, London. A richly furnished room is here shown, in which a young woman is seated in an arm-chair. She wears a gown of gray shot silk and a purple jacket bordered with white fur. A white skullcap covers her forehead, and over it is a white kerchief tied with a red ribbon. Her pet dog lies on a cushion on the floor, and at the lady’s side, lightly holding her wrist that he may count her pulse, stands the doctor, dressed in a silk coat of greenish-yellow, a dark cloak, and a broad-brimmed black felt hat. His left hand is raised to command silence from the patient’s

mother, who, dressed in a bodice of yellow silk, a green skirt, blue apron, and white linen shoulder-cape, looks earnestly into the physician's face. Through an archway in the background we are shown an adjoining room where a man is seated at a table, and where the light falls softly through the leaded panes of a lattice window.

All the accessories are painted with the utmost delicacy—the tent-shaped bed with green curtains closely drawn, the table at its foot covered with a red tapestried cloth, the clock on the wall, the gold-framed picture beside it representing Venus and Adonis—a suggestion, as is the boy in the foreground playing with arrows, that love is the cause of the patient's suffering. In composition, perspective, color, and in its light and shade, the picture is a beautiful example of the painter's art.

It is on panel and measures a little over a foot and a half high by somewhat less in width.

'THE TAVERN'

PLATE X

THIS celebrated picture in the Gallery of The Hague, sometimes called 'The Oyster Feast,' and sometimes 'A Picture of Human Life,' represents the interior of a Dutch tavern, in which a number of people are assembled, eating, drinking, and making merry. A young woman in a yellow skirt and blue satin jacket bordered with white fur is seated in the center, turning laughingly away from the advances of an amorous old man who kneels at her side offering her an oyster. At her right is a little girl carrying a dog in her blue apron. Near by another child is teaching a cat to dance, while a boy in a blue coat and red cap, holding a basket of rolls, watches the performance. At the right of the picture is a table covered with a white cloth, on which are oysters, oranges, grapes, and wine. At the left we see a maid-servant in a red skirt and stockings, blue waist with yellow sleeves, and a green apron, kneeling on the hearth as she pours lemon-juice over some oysters. Not far off sits an old man holding on his knee a little child, who tries to reach a parrot hanging on a perch just above. In the shadow near this group a man is occupied in opening oysters, and at a window farther back is seated Jan Steen himself, laughing heartily as an old woman offers him a glass of wine. Near him four men, smoking, drinking, and playing backgammon, are grouped about a long table with a blue cloth. To the right two others are drinking beer, while near the table at the right of the picture a woman and two men are drinking and feasting to their hearts' content. The upper part of the picture is covered with a large violet-colored curtain, and upon the shelf just beneath this curtain, at the left, the figure of a boy blowing soap-bubbles, is dimly discernible. In the original painting it can be seen that at his side is a skull—a suggestion, it is supposed, on the part of the painter, that this youthful philosopher is meditating upon the vanities of the world.

The canvas measures about two feet two inches high by a little over two and a half feet wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY JAN STEEN
IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

JAN STEEN is said to have painted about five hundred pictures. Of these a number are in private possession, notably in England, where the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace, the Duke of Wellington's Collection at Apsley House, London, the Earl of Northbrook's Collection, the Bridgewater Gallery, and others are rich in his works. The following list includes the most important of his pictures in galleries which are accessible to the public.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. BUDAPEST GALLERY: Peasants Carousing—PRAGUE, RU-DOLPHINUM: The Serenade—VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Rustic Wedding; Dissolute Life—BELGIUM. ANTWERP MUSEUM: Samson and the Philistines; The Village Wedding—ANTWERP, KUNST MUSEUM: The Schoolmaster—BRUSSELS, MUSEUM: Twelfth-night; The Gallant Offering (Plate VII); The Recruits; The Surgeon—BRUSSELS, ARENBERG PALACE: Marriage at Cana—LOUVAIN, SCOLLAERT COLLECTION: Game of Backgammon—DENMARK. COPENHAGEN GALLERY: David and Goliath—ENGLAND. CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: Village Festival; Interior with Figures; A Painter and his Wife—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Music-master—LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Supper Scene; Guitar Player; The Harpsichord Lesson; Making Merry in a Tavern; Boor Household—FRANCE. LILLE, MUSEUM: A Fiddler—MONTPELLIER, MUSEUM: A Traveler; Dutch Merrymaking—NANTES, MUSEUM: The Topers—PARIS, LOUVRE: Bad Company (Plate V); Fête in a Tavern; Family Scene—ROUEN, MUSEUM: The Wafer-seller—GERMANY. AUGSBURG GALLERY: A Merry Party—BERLIN GALLERY: Garden of an Inn; The Quarrel; A Merry Company—BRUNSWICK GALLERY: The Marriage Contract—CASSEL GALLERY: Twelfth-night (Plate III)—DESSAU, DUCAL PALACE: A Wedding Party—DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Marriage at Cana; Mother and Child; Abraham and Hagar—FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Moses Striking the Rock; Man and Woman Joking; The Alchemist—MUNICH GALLERY: The Doctor's Visit; Peasants Quarreling—OLDENBURG, AUGUSTEUM: A Party—HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: The Festival of St. Nicholas (Plate I); The Birthday of the Prince of Orange; Village Wedding; The Parrot's Cage (Plate II); Portrait of Jan Steen; The Joyous Return; The Charlatan; The Baker Oostwaard; The Charlatan; The Libertine; The Dancing-lesson; Woman cleaning a Pewter Pot; The Jolly Family; The Doctor's Visit (Plate IV); Family Scene; An Orgie; A Couple Drinking—AMSTERDAM, SIX COLLECTION: Young Woman eating Oysters; The Wedding—HAARLEM, MUNICIPAL MUSEUM: Village Kermess—THE HAGUE GALLERY: Village Fête; The Dentist; A Menagerie (Plate VI); Two pictures of Doctors' Visits; Jan Steen's Family (Plate VIII); The Tavern (Plate X)—ROTTERDAM, BOYMANS' MUSEUM: The Surgeon; Festival of St. Nicholas—IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Village School; A Woman mending a Stocking—ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: The Repast—VENICE, ACADEMY: The Astrologer's Family—RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: The Doctor's Visit; Summer Fête; Esther before Ahasuerus; The Topers; The Sick Old Man; Backgammon Players; Peasant Wedding; Two Tavern Scenes; Choice between Youth and Age—SCOTLAND. GLASGOW, CORPORATION GALLERIES OF ART: Dutch Family Merrymaking—SWEDEN. STOCKHOLM, NATIONAL MUSEUM: The Ace of Hearts—UNITED STATES. CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Family Concert—NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: Dutch Kermess; The Old Rat comes to the Trap at Last—NEW YORK, HISTORICAL SOCIETY: Family Scene; Landscape and Figures; Family Fête.

Jan Steen Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES
DEALING WITH JAN STEEN

T VAN WESTRHEENE was the first to question Houbraken's exaggerated statements concerning Jan Steen. The results of his inquiry, published in his book entitled 'Jan Steen. Étude sur l'art en Hollande' (The Hague, 1856), a biographical and critical study of the painter by Carl Lemcke in Dohme's series 'Kunst und Künstler,' etc. (Leipsic, 1878), the writings of Van der Willigen, Bürger, Bredius, and the monograph by Adolf Rosenberg in the Knackfuss series of 'Künstler Monographien' (Leipsic, 1897), are of special value in studying Jan Steen.

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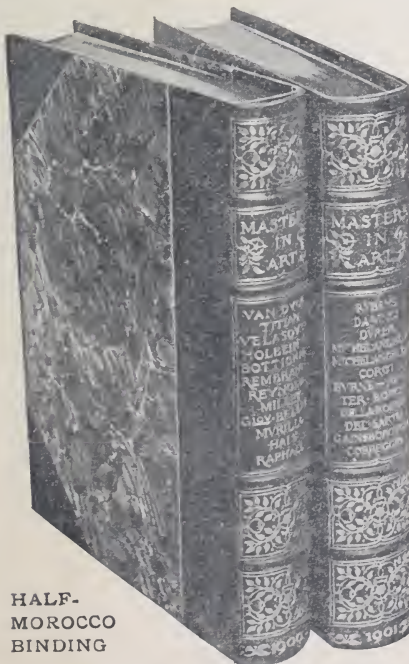
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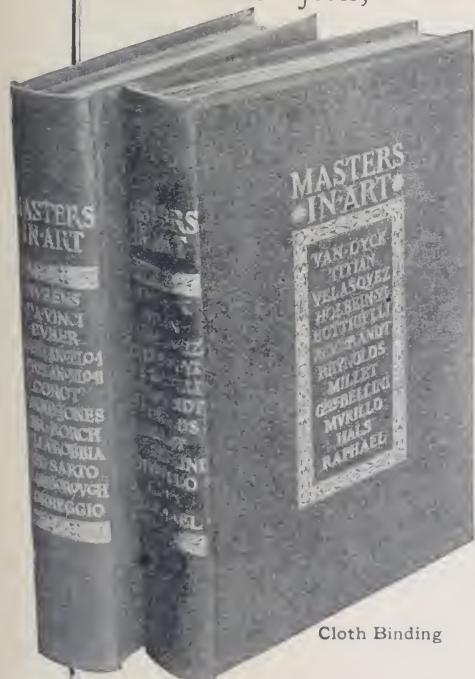
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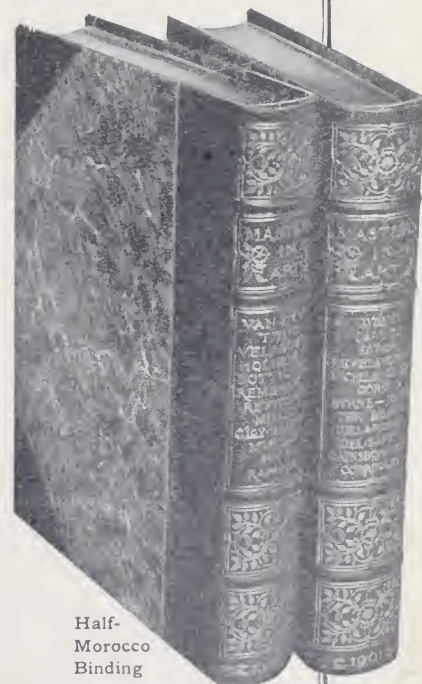
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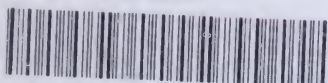
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